1923

The Red and White

The Rutland High School

Rutland, Vermont

RUTLAND

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You boys and girls don't know how easy it is to get into the saving habit. Neither do you know what a fine thing it is to feel that your savings are earning money for you at 4½% right straight along.

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HENRY O. CARPENTER, President

CHAS. A. SIMPSON, Treasurer

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Vol. 2 May, 1923 No. 3

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

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EDITORIALS

OUR PAPER

How often all of us here wished, in the words of Burns, "To see ourselves as others see us." What mistakes we could avoid and what improvements we could make! A paper has the advantage over most organizations in the reading of the various exchanges. In these we get the praise or criticisms of our contemporaries, and we find out in what respects our paper is lacking.

Therefore, gentle readers, you can judge our feelings when a note written in this manner appeared in the Burlington Register: "Red and White, a good and well arranged paper but showing the lack of school support and spirit behind it." Read that once more; is it directed against the paper itself, or is it an indictment of the school in general? The answer is obvious.

We feel that Rutland High School is as loyal and true to its school and its paper as Burlington or any other school. But, we are on the inside looking out, while they are on the outside looking in. Are you supporting the paper as you should? Do you buy a copy yourself or are you content to let your neighbor buy one that you can borrow? These are questions which ought to confront every student of the school.

Complaints are heard about the size of publication, the cheapness of the cover. Where does this fault lie? Is it with those who are trying to get out a publication representative of such a school as R. H. S. or is it with you who read the jokes in the other fellow's paper and don't think it worth while to buy one yourself?

We would like to read in the next exchange something like this: "Red and White, well written paper, evidently published by the whole school for the whole school," and we think it can be done if you boost and buy your paper instead of knocking and ignoring it. Let's have more contributions from students. If there is something you want published let us know and we'll try to satisfy. But if you can't do anything else, at least buy a paper. In these days of fuel famine it will start the fire if nothing else.

BOOSTERS

In every community on the face of the earth are found three classes of people. The first class, the only one worthy of praise, is that made up of the "boosters," those who are doing everything in their power to boost their community; to make it better and better, morally, physically and intellectually. The second class is comprised of those who although they know that their community might be bettered in many ways, are content to let things slide and sit back while others do the work. The third class, a scourge upon the human race, has for its members the "knockers" of the community. A knocker is a pest even worse than the mosquito and the fly; for the insect may be killed but it is almost impossible to squelch the human type.

To which class do you belong? If you are eligible for the first, to you is due the praise and thanks of your fellowmen. If you are a member of the second, and most of us are, there is still hope for you and you may very easily with a little effort join the first division. But if you belong to the third and lowest class, only by a complete reversal of form can you become worthy of respect. In fact it would be practically a miracle should a chronic "knocker" become a "booster." But miracles do happen.

There are many opportunities to become "boosters" around school. If you pause to consider for a moment there are plenty of chances to better R. H. S.

For instance, in assemblies lately, during the Rotary Club "talks" there has been a lot of noise and confusion in the back of the hall. Perhaps the speeches do not interest all the student body but they do interest the majority. Also, it is very impolite and disrespectful to the speaker.

The kind of impression which these Rotarians carry away with them is very important to the school. The Rotarians are all very influential and are large taxpayers in our city. With them rests in quite a large degree the successful carrying through of the measure for a new high school which is bound to come up very soon. Suppose we treat all the speakers as we have the last two or three. When the proposal for the new high school building comes up these men will be inclined to give it the cold shoulder, feeling that we are not worthy of it. Of course it is a certainty that many of us will never be students in the new building but we all want old R. H. S. to have better and more adequate housing.

This is but one small way in which we can boost the cause of our school. There are many other ways, seemingly small, but full of possibilities for betterment. It is the small things often overlooked which count.

So let us all be boosters. Let us boost R. H. S. in every way; in her good name; in her standard of scholarship; in her athletics. We will be amply repaid for our trouble by seeing our high school grow bigger and better day by day.

J. T. '23.

RUTLAND HIGH SCHOOL

The Model Fire Trap

On the night of Thursday, the fifth of April, a fire broke out in the electric light wires in the cellar and continued upstairs to the switch-box in the corridor of the high school. Within five minutes the Assembly Hall was full of smoke and the flames were fast gaining headway. The fire was easily subdued, but the results of the fire have set us thinking. The danger of fire has always seemed remote to most of us, but this blaze clearly showed us the numerous defects in our system of fire-escapes.

Suppose a fire were to break out in the boiler room and the boilers blew up. The students in rooms three, ten and eleven would have to jump out the windows. Those in the library would be blown up. What would be the

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fate of the girls in the domestic science room?

In the domestic science room there are five doors. The smoke and flames coming up from the main entrance would bar all progress down the stairs to the second floor.

Some girls, perhaps, would attempt escape by the door that leads into the old book-room. From there they have only one means of egress and that is out onto the roof. A nice situation for the girls who, in the excitement, rashly followed that means of escape.

The third door is the one that leads to the fire escape at the back of the building. A dingy flight of stairs, a long, narrow gangway, and a door with a spring lock, form the combination that is supposed to insure students an adequate means of escape in case of fire.

The fourth and fifth doors go in the pantry and closet respectively, a sixth door connects these two rooms and so there is no possible means of exit here.

There is left to them one window by which to escape. The window is unusually high up and would naturally bar a hasty exit in this direction. When one does get out the window and stands on the projecting ledge, there is only one thing to do, and that is, to jump the sixty-five feet to the ground. A very agreeable task indeed!

Students of the high school, show this state of affairs to your mothers and fathers. Explain to them the dangers of a fire in the building. Make them see the necessity of a better system of escape, and, in fact, the real need of a new high school. Tell them all these things and then ask them to think it over! An earnest appeal for a safe high school! Once again, I say, think it over!

THREE OF A KIND

Darkness and silence enshrouds the erstwhile deserted home of the Stanley Clarks. Within the palatial mansion not even the proverbial mouse is stirring. Everywhere the stillness of the tomb prevails.

In the library, the silence is suddenly broken. A window slides up. A leg, accompanied by a grunt, appears over the sill. Then with a sudden hoist the nocturnal visitor enters.

A pinpoint of light dances over the walls, as the intruder silently makes his way to a door in the farther side of the spacious room. He opens this, and as his flash light reveals the opposite wall, the newcomer utters an ejaculation of satisfaction. Then, "Landscape, second panel, behind tapestry,"—such is the rigamarole he murmurs while crossing the room. "Ah! Now I have it."

But the stranger's observations are rudely interrupted. A key clicks in the lock of the huge front door. He dives for the shelter of a portiere near. Peering out, he sees someone enter.

Can it be that Clark has returned unexpectedly from the shore? This must be so, for no follower of his profession would enter a house by the front door, unless he were trying to bluff. Still, if it is Clark, why doesn't he turn on the lights? But stay; he, too, is surveying the room by means of a flash light. Ah! Now

he starts for the tapestry. It is only one of his fellow craftsmen. He, the first comer, must be Clark.

Then he steps out boldly from behind the portiere, and, remembering that he had seen a button near the door, switches on the light. With the sudden flood of dazzling brilliance, the new comer turns from the tapestry. Simultaneously, the two gaze into the barrel of a colt.

Then, "To whom am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" This from the second visitor.

"Just what I was about to ask you, but a man has a right in his own house," retorts the first comer.

"Indeed, and is the illustrious Stanley Clark in the habit of wearing a mask in his home?"

"Not as a rule, but this is an instance when the utmost secrecy must surround my presence here." This rare bit of diction was gleaned from a certain play which the speaker had viewed recently.

"Oh! And who did you think would question Clark's unexpected return to his own home?"

That this question fazes the one to whom it is addressed, is evident, for no answer is forthcoming.

"Now, there can't be two Stanley Clarks; at least I wasn't aware that I had a double."

But the first comer has recovered from his momentary stupefaction and in turn launches a tirade of questions at the second intruder.

"If you are Clark, why are you demolishing that priceless bit of tapestry which the papers, several years ago, stated you had the greatest trouble in securing?"

"Well, this is a case where the situation merits such an act. Besides, I am not demolishing it. Now,"—in a tone of growing impatience—"now, I hope I have proved to you that I am Clark. You are merely an impostor. Leave my home at once, or——"

But the sentence is never finished. So engrossed have the two been in their argument, that neither has noticed the approach of a pajamaed figure, revolver in hand, a smile of amusement on his face.

"Gentlemen," he drawls, "you need dispute no longer. Behold in my humble self the elusive Stanley Clark."

A Household Hint

Blotting paper may be used to patch a hole in the roof. It may not keep the rain out but nevertheless it may be used.

A teacher was giving Tommy a lesson in discipline.

"Tommy," she said, "If you are not more gentlemanly in the future, I will write a letter to your father."

"Better not," said Tom, "Ma is awful jealous."

Little boy on returning from church. "Grandma, do the people of the South Sea Islands wear clothes like us?"

"Why, no, my dear."

"Well, why did grandpa put a button on the plate then?"

Indignant man in restaurant—"Waiter, I'd like a little service. I've been waiting here for fully ten minutes."

Waiter (Sleepily)—"That's nothing. I've been waiting here fifteen years."

NEWS ITEMS

THE FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE SPELLING MATCH

In a slightly one-sided contest the Freshman spelling team capitulated to the Sophomores on Monday, January 29th. This was the first contest of its kind to be held in the Assembly Hall for quite some time.

The victorious "Sophies" received a large red banner for their efforts, which, by the way, was on exhibition during the Southern Vermont Tournament held recently in the Armory. Two smaller banners were presented to Bertha Catozzi and Samuel Young for being the two spellers who were able to stand up the longest, both of whom were Sophomores. Two or three very good spellers from the Freshman class made an excellent showing.

The Sophomores led by three or four all during the evening but the winning team was hard to choose until the match was more than half over. It is rumored that the Sophomores and the Juniors are going to have a match to find out which class knows the greater part of Webster's masterpiece.

We hope to attend this contest soon as the Sophomores, both boys and girls, have won everything that they have attempted so far this year, and it remains to be seen whether the Juniors will allow the class of '25 to finish their year "The Champions of all Conquests."

City Chap—"You aren't far from a fool, are you?"

Farmer—"Nope, just across the fence."

THE LASS OF LIMERICK TOWN

On February 15th, through the persistent, tireless efforts of Mr. Phillips, "The Lass of Limerick Town" was shown at the Playhouse. The play, which was a comic opera, was a great success, partly because of the setting in picturesque, romantic Ireland, but chiefly because each and all of the principals, chorus and orchestra shared alike in raising the production above the level of the ordinary home-talent show.

The play was not a money-making proposition as the expenses of production were quite large, but approximately one hundred dollars was gained which will go into the treasury of the music fund.

The loss of Mr. O'Brien, through illness, from the part of Mr. O'Flynn was a great regret to us all, but not a calamity. Paul Cady, although having had only one day in which to study the part, did very well with it, and deserves much credit.

The play also owes much of its success to Miss Newton's skill with the cast and chorus.

ROTARY CLUB SPEAKERS

We have had the good fortune during this school year to hear several very fine talks given at Assembly by some of the prominent men of this city.

One of the first speakers who was introduced to us was Father Griffin, who gave us an Armistice Day Talk on subjects especially fitting for that day. He emphasized forcibly the need for each one of us to be ever loyal to God and our country and consequently to ourselves.

Dr. Pond gave us a brief talk on dentistry, showing that "The proper care of the teeth is one of the most essential habits, if good health is to be maintained." "To have good teeth," he stated, "means a visit to a dentist at least once every six months."

Dr. Smith gave an exceedingly interesting talk on the care of the body. During his address he referred to a new High School building that would equip the school with a complete gym., which would aid all the children of the city. He stated that the exercises we were getting now every day from 10:15 to 10:30 were but the barest sort of training needed in this work. This we find is true, so let's keep up hopes for a new High School and a fine gym.

Mr. Hindley gave a brief outline of the way a newspaper is printed. As nearly all of the school had no idea of the immense amount of work necessary to print a newspaper, his subject was most highly entertaining and instructive.

We have learned much about scales from Mr. Hinsman, who made his speech more interesting by exhibiting several miniature scales to demonstrate the different types of scales used years ago. One thing especially we should remember from his talk, is that in our city are manufactured scales that are sent to all parts of the world.

On Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, Mr. Sawyer and Lawyer Stafford, respectively, gave talks about these two foremost Americans.

Our last speaker up to this date was Mr. Wallace Nichols. He urged the students of the Rutland High School to keep on with their education and not to think that a High School education is not necessary; but that our country needed today men and women who had made good use of the opportunities which the High School afforded. He ended this talk by lauding the American Flag.

It is our hope that the High School students will continue to be favored by other talks as there is much to learn from men who know by personal experience what they are talking about.

C. B.

THE KAKE WALK

Once more the boys of the Senior class had a chance to view the annual Kake Walk at the kind invitation of U. V. M. Once more with aching sides and eyes that literally stuck from their heads as the various stunts were performed, the "sub-freshmen" of the state gathered in the big gym almost lost in the mass of college professors and flappers, blue stockings and cake eaters.

Quartered at the various Frat. Houses and fed at the famous Hash House the boys lived a rather hective but highly enjoyable life for two days, during which they all became fond admirers of the University life. But, we must not let our pen run away with us; we will vainly try to describe the glories of the ancient and honorable Kake Walk.

First, there came the "Grand Peerade" in which characters from King Two Tank Ahmen to Dr. Coue were represented in a highly novel manner. "When Knighthood was in Flower" posed by a

blushing youth clothed in little else than a helmet and a towel, and the blush—made a hit, as also did the stubborn Norwich mule and his rookie driver.

The "Koon Kutups" were next and a version of the Koon Klux Klan, The Good Ship Rock and Rye, and others very nearly caused a calamity as Mangan swallowed his gum in the mirth that followed.

The stunts were in a very serious vein and the "Shooting of Dan Magrew," which gave opportunity for dramatic acting, and "Which," a highly impossible play, were very great favorites.

After various other stunts and plays the grand "Walking fo' de Kake" took place and the dances would put Irene Castle to shame—which does not mean they were shameful dances. When the awarding of prizes took place St. Louis had to be carried from the hall in tears as he saw the enormous cakes given to the happy winners.

There are dire rumors that a terrible session of pennyante took place that night among the Rutland contingent and that Pete Anderson won the colossal sum of twenty-three cents and a collar button (owner unknown); but if you ask the boys anything they refer you to the postmaster. Incidentally, thereby hangs a tale. Ask McGarry. Anyhow, next morning the college was left desolate as the weary pleasure seekers returned home.

M. S. '24.

Spring is surely here. Many of our school boys are coming to school with the necessary amount of marbles and shooters.

THE BALLAD OF SIR RUTLAND

(With apologies to the singer of Sir Patrick Spence)

The knights have met in Rutland town,
Waiting in battle array—
"Oh, who will win this tournament?"
Each one to other doth say.

Then up and spake a bold sir knight,
Armored in green and gold;
"O, I will win this tournament,
As I have done of old."

The knights have foughten a brave good fight,
Each with the other one,
And many a one has lost ere night,
And many an honor won.

"O who be yonder knight in red,
Whose fame does reach so far?
O who is the gallant Sir Rutland gay,
The younger, Sir Junior Var."

The third fight that Sir Rutland had,
Brought low the green and gold.
The fourth fight that Sir Rutland had,
Struck fear into the bold.

Fight hard, fight hard," quoth Junior Var,
"From Springfield comes this knight."
"O say not so, my brother dear,
'Twill be a deadly fight."

O our young Knight has foughten hard,
Done many a goodly deed;
But long ere the fight were halfway fought,
Sir Springfield had the lead.

O long, long may the cheerers cheer,
With cough-drops in their mouth,
Sir Springfield is the best fighter,
Who comes from out the south.

'Tis done, 'tis done, this tournament,
But much may yet be said;
For greatest of all to Rutland town
Are the two young knights in red.

INTER-CLASS DEBATE

Revenge is sweet! Such were the feelings of the Junior class as they saw their traditional enemies, the Seniors, go down in defeat before their invincible debating team. For the last year the class of 1923 had trounced old 1924 badly, and on the prize was inscribed their names.

But let us get to the scene of the battle. As we entered the hall we were deafened by the frantic cheers; the different factions cheering themselves, their teams, the coaches, each other—oh, cheering anything.

The cheering arose to a very peak of noise as the Senior team, Helen Brock, Francis Shaw and Herbert Davison entered the arena followed by the Juniors, Florence Lockerby, Roy Davenport and Francis Flanagan.

The battle was on. In words that would have made Cicero or Dan Webster gaze in admiration they hurled broadsides at the judges. All were good, but Florence Lockerby is conceded by friends and foes to have taken the cake.

The rebuttals were masterly, proving that the school team next year will not lack for good material to use against Salem or other rivals. After the rebuttal there came the usual heart-breaking, nerve-wracking pause and then—well, a bright silver cup with 1924 thereon inscribed tells the tale.

INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATE

The first interscholastic debate to be recorded in the history of R. H. S. took place this March when the school represented by Cook, Kavanaugh and Smith went down to an honorable defeat before the more experienced team from Salem, Massachusetts.

A small but appreciative audience witnessed the contest of wit over the question of Government ownership of the coal mines. Both sides were in good form, with R. H. S. leading a trifle in strength of argument, but the polished speech and finished manners of the visitors prevailing.

Then, too, the Tuxedos and the very disturbing influence of a certain curly-haired, blue-eyed damsel, who, it must be admitted, easily took the honors, certainly did not have a detrimental effect.

But anyway debating seems to have at least a foothold in school and next year we hope for a chance to retaliate for defeat and to challenge other schools of this state.

Jake: Oh, Rachael, I hear you have a fine position.

Rachael: Yes, I'm a dairy maid at the Rutland Soda Spa.

Jake: Dairy maid, what do you mean?

Rachael: Oh, I milk chocolate.

EXCHANGES

The Oracle, Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.

The Register, Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt.

Hi-Spirit, Enosburg Falls High School, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

The Patriot, Leavenworth High School, Leavenworth, Kansas.

The Echo, Blytheville High School, Blytheville, Arkansas.

Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.

Spaulding Sentinel, Barre High School, Barre, Vt.

High School Record, Montpelier High School, Montpelier, Vt.

Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School.

Cardinal and Gray, Brandon High School, Brandon, Vt.

The Peabody Volunteer, Nashville High School, Nashville, Tenn.

Holdenville School News, Holdenville, Oklahoma.

The Volunteer, Concord, N. H.

The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.

The Windonian, Willimantic, Ct.

The Inde, Hartford, N. H.

The Catamount, Bennington, Vt.

The Phoenix, Montpelier, Vt.

The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.—A very good paper and a specially good literary department. Your "Special Articles" add a great deal. We suggest that you keep your advertisements apart from the rest of the paper.

The Wyndonian, Willimantic, Ct.—A good paper and the limericks are very clever. You have a good athletic department. We suggest more jokes.

The Inde, Hartford, N. H.—Very clever short stories. You have good athletic and exchange departments but you need more jokes.

The Catamount, Bennington, Vt.—An unusual and attractive cover. Your paper shows a lot of school spirit. Very good joke department. We would suggest some short stories. You have good poetry, however.

The Phoenix, Montpelier Seminary, Montpelier, Vt.—The editorial on "The Citizen and the Politician" is worthy of notice. Your pictures add interest. The idea of having a "Poet's Corner" is excellent.

Senior Geometry Class

Theorem: If I love my girl she loves me.

Given: I love my girl.

To Prove: She loves me.

Proof: I love my girl.

Hypothesis: All the world loves a lover.

Axiom 1: My girl equals the world. She is all the world to me.

Therefore, my girl loves me.

Things equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

Caesar wrote in Latin prose
But how he did it no one knows.
It's worse by far than castor oil
Though with it Sophomores have to toil.
There's the beginning and here's the end,
So take our advice right now, dear friend.
If ever Caesar you elect
You'll later your mistake detect.
Caesar traveled o'er land and sea,
But yet, what good it that to thee?
Caesar had his wars to fight—
We dream about them day and night.
So now, little Freshmen, heed just this,—
It's Caesar vs. eternal bliss.

A. S. and L. G. '25.

Matrimonial Bureau

Dear Madam Magpie:
I haven't heard from Walter since the tournament. Should I write him?

Jane Miriam Olney.

Dear Jane: Give him time. Absence should make the heart grow fonder.

Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Should I confide my love secrets to F. F. St. Louis or leave them in your hands? M. Smith.

Dear Milford: Doesn't make any difference. St. Louis tells us all about Rosie, anyway.

Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Do you think I can make a hit with the waitresses at the Vermont? Sherman Hunt.

Dear Sherman: Not if you drink water that fast.

Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Can you suggest how Harold and I can escape the maddening crowd?

Jeannette.

Dear Jeannette: Judging from appearances the crowd doesn't matter.

Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Should I dance during Lent?

Frances Howley.

Dear Frances: Not if you can keep a delegation like the one you had Saturday night at the tournament. Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Was it wrong for me to cry in public after the tournament?

Ethel Palmer.

Dear Ethel: Good policy if Russell is around.

Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Do you think I make a mistake in treating the boys all alike?
Caroline Dye.

What do the boys say, Caroline?
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Do you think that I could be a reforming influence on a young man? Fran Thompson.

Dear Fran: Those with red hair are hopeless.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Do you think that after a quarell you should kiss and make-up?
Fran Baldwin.

If you're careful Fran, you won't have to make-up.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
The girls are icy to me. What will I do?
Roy Davenport.

Skate all over them, Roy.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
My gentleman friend found a blonde hair on my shoulder. What can I do? Fran Baldwin.

We are sorry, Fran, but in the words of the poet:

A goat ain't a sheep
And a sheep ain't a goat
If you'd used a brush broom
He never would know it.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Do you think that painting is bad for high school girls?
Jeanette Preedom.

Being in the grip of the muse we will say:

Little dobs of powder
Little dobs of paint
Make the girlies features
Look like what they ain't.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
How can I keep my hair curled like Tommy Meighan's?
Charles DonLeavy.

Dear Charles: We refer you to our expert curling operator, Charles Hall.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
What do you think I should take up as my life work?
Bob Marshall.

Judging from appearances, Bob, either a postmaster or mail clerk.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Do wireless operators make good husbands?
Ruth Harwood.

Yes, Ruth dear, they are so ec (static).
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
I have a funny feeling frequently. Something seems to hop around inside me. Am I in love?
Billy Pond.

Either that or you've swallowed a bull frog, Billy.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Can you recommend a good dentist? Fran Howley.

For a case like yours, Fran, we recommend Wilson.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
I have decided to make up with my beau. Do you think I am right?
Grace Gill.

That's using 'the old bean, Grace.
Madam Magpie.

Jottings From Junior High

Will Springtime Ever Come?
I rather like the winter
With its whiteness all around,
But I'm getting awfully lonely
For a little bit of ground;
For a little bit of greenness
To be showing on the trees;
For a garden full of flowers
Giving honey to the bees.
But it only keeps on snowing,
And I start in wondering some;
And the question that I'm asking is—
"Will Springtime ever come?"

Ode to Bobbed Hair

How I wonder what you am,
Just like sea-weed on a clam:
Little shoots stick up on top,
Just like Ma's old cedar mop.

We wonder if Edna has enough Cole to last through the winter.

Jimmie—"George, are you on the graduating list?"
George—"No, but my name is."

Miss B.—"Why is Rip Van Winkle your favorite character in this story?"
Robert S.—"Because I like to think someone else has been picked on besides myself."

Teacher—"Identify, Katrina Van Tassell."
Wayne C.—"Katrina, the daughter of Old Balt Van Tassell, was the village vamp."

Mother—"How's my son getting along?"
Teacher—"He used up two pencils yesterday."
Mother—"What! Writing so hard?"
Teacher—"No, chewing them."

Mary—"I think Mabel Rice has a very romantic name."
Dot—"Why?"
Mary—"Because her name suggests a wedding in May; the bells ringing, and the rice flying."

Mary—"What shall we do when the Col-burns out?"
Edna—"We'll Hunt for a Butterfly."

A mother sent her little boy to the store with a small jug to get some vinegar.
"How much does it hold?" asked the boy.
"One Jill-son," said the clerk.

Stranger—"What is that young fellow's name?"
Friend—"Euno."
Stranger—"Well if I knew I wouldn't have asked you."

She—"How sorry I am!"
He—"About what?"
She—"I've lost my vanity case."
He—"You've got one on your face."

Milford Smith (with pomp)—"There's nothing like the advantage of my official position."
St. Louis—"Yes, with the accent on the fish."

ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL SUMMARY

	No. games Played	Floor Baskets	Foul Baskets	Personal Fouls	Technical Fouls	Total Points Scored
Rice, Captain	13	8	2	8	2	18
Bellerose	17	27	27	25	0	81
Manfreda	16	38	2	26	0	78
Roberts	13	17	0	14	0	34
W. Reardon	15	22	0	7	0	44
Cook	17	83	89	10	0	255
Metzger	10	6	1	5	0	13
Radigan	5	8	0	9	0	16
C. Reardon	1	0	9	2	0	9
Bove	2	1	0	6	0	2
Fairchild	1	0	0	0	0	0
Beane	1	0	0	0	0	0
Fuller	1	0	0	1	0	0
Beale	1	0	0	2	0	0
Hagan	1	0	2	0	0	0

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

The girls' basketball tournament was held Friday, March 29th, with two games in the morning, beginning at ten o'clock, and the final in the afternoon, beginning at three forty-five. The first game was between the Seniors and Freshmen, the latter proving themselves the better players. Mildred Mahar played an excellent game for the Freshmen, while Ruth Harwood proved herself a good player for the Seniors. The second game of the morning was between the Juniors and Sophomores. This was a game in which there was a good deal of rivalry for both sides. This was a fast game, although the Sophomores succeeded in putting the ball in the basket more times than the Juniors, thus leaving the Freshmen and Sophomores to play it out in the afternoon.

Three-thirty saw two pretty sad looking teams assembled, each with high hopes, despite the fact that neither expected to be victor over the other. Three forty-five, and the game was on its way, every player using the last ounce of strength in her. Mildred Mahar proved herself capable of making baskets in this game, also. Elinor Davies saved the day for the Sophomores by changing from her regular position at forward to that of guard. Dorothy Whitcomb also played a good game, while Frances Howley excelled in making baskets.

The game ended in a victory for the Class of '25, the score being 26-15. The Sophomores were given a silver cup, which many probably saw somewhere on Merchants Row after the game.

I might say in closing that during the afternoon there was a foul shooting contest, which was won by Elinor Davies, for making seven out of twelve baskets from the foul line. She received a bronze medal as a reward.

J. M. O. '25

RUTLAND ROTARY CLUB TOURNAMENT

On March 2 and 3 the Rutland Rotary Club held its second basketball tournament for the scholastic championship of Southern Vermont. There were sixteen teams entered in the tournament to compete for the large silver cup and a cup donated by Mr. Dorsey, President of the Rotary Club, to the player whom the officials, Messrs. Hoyt and Sullivan, considered the most valuable man to his team. The cup was won by Cameron of Woodstock.

In the opening game of the tournament Brandon defeated Hartford 15 to 8. This was a great surprise to everybody as Brandon did not show a great deal of form when they played here earlier in the season.

The second game was between the Rutland Junior Varsity, who were substituted for the Black River Academy team and Fair Haven. Rutland came through a winner by the score 17 to 10. This came as another surprise as the Fair Haven outfit were expected to give almost any team a run for their money. "Bob" Fairchild was the star of the game. One of the features of the game was the fact that the Juniors were forced to play the latter part of the game with four men as they had no substitutes.

In the third game of the afternoon between Bennington and V. A., the V. A. team were the winners by the one point score of 29 to 28. The game was fast all the way and Bennington came back in the second half and nearly overcame the lead that V. A. had piled up in the first half. Ransome starred for Bennington; Tiffany for V. A.

The last game of the afternooon between Springfield and Leland & Gray Academy was a walk-away for Springfield. The final score was 54 to 6. Currie was the star for Springfield.

The first game of the evening was between R. H. S. and Windsor. Although most of the crowd was looking for a close game R. H. S. came through the winners by the score of 25 to 6. Capt. Rice, Roberts and Manfreda put up a good game.

Brattleboro and Middlebury met in the second game. It was hotly contested throughout. The teams were ever evenly matched. Deyo of the winning team played well making seven baskets from the floor and six foul shots. The score was 30 to 20.

The next game brought together Woodstock, the runner-up of last year's tournament, and Proctor. The first part of the game was close but in the second half the Woodstock team got started and came through the winner by the score of 21 to 10. Cameron was the star of the game getting some nice long shots through the hoops.

The final game was between T. C. A. and Bristol, in which the latters were the winners by the score of 52 to 12. Bristol put up a plucky fight throughout the game. Blodgett was the best player of the losing team. Jones and Jeffers starred for T. C. A.

The Saturday morning games opened between the Rutland Ju-

nior Varsity, the conquerors of Fair Haven, and the Brandon High School quintet. The score at the end of the first half was 5 to 2 in Brandon's favor. At the beginning of the second half the Juniors went into the lead but for only a short time. Fairchild, Radigan and Beale played well for Rutland. Force was the star of the Brandon team. The final score was 30 to 7 in favor of Brandon.

The second game of the morning was between Springfield and V. A., in which Springfield was the winner by the score of 28 to 11. Currie was the star of the game; he seemed to be all over the floor at the same time.

The third game of the morning saw the old rivals of R. H. S. go down to defeat. Brattleboro played a great game but they were not quite fast enough company for R. H. S., who came through the winner by the score of 21 to 14. Rice, Manfreda and Reardon were the stars for Rutland.

Visitor (to little boy)—"Where is your father? I would like to see him."

Little Boy—"He's out feeding the pigs. He's the one with the hat on."

We suggest that if you don't buy our paper to read you might buy a copy and use it for fuel, seeing it's hard to keep warm lately.

There is some question as to whether it was a balloon or hoopskirt that Mrs. Lundeen wore.

The other day I came to Room 21 on an errand. Near the door I saw a boy vigorously punching the electric light switch for the attic.

I asked, "What in the world are you doing?"

He responded, "I've been punching this bell for the last ten minutes and nobody's answered yet."

City Chap (meeting a farmer hoeing potatoes)—"How're your potatoes coming out?"

Farmer—"They ain't comin' out. I've gotta dig 'em out."

She: What a pity it is that handsome men are always conceited.

He: Not always, little girl, I am not.

Gentleman (to small boy)—"My young man, and what might your name be?"

Small Boy—"It might be Jones but it isn't."

Miss Bowen—"When I had the mumps I was the joke of the town."

Mr. Abbott—"You must have been."

The tightest man we know is the man who bought a goldfish and was afraid it would turn to brass.

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Open them up wide,
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If it's all outside?

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EDITORIALS

The "Red and White" wishes to all its friends a very happy and successful New Year. We hope that 1923 will mean a year of great things for R. H. S.—a year which will see many changes for the better, in the school, in the student body, in athletics and for the school paper.

New Year's day is always a day of rejoicing and optimism; which is as it should be, for what day should have a better right to this honor? Before us opens a brand new, fresh-from-the-mint year. It is ours to do with as we wish. With every one of its 365 days ours, we may imagine hopefully the reforms and improvements and good times that must lie concealed in this New Year.

And so we of the "Red and White" have in our minds these same plans and good wishes for the school. On our copy of resolutions they read like this—and we feel our copy is your copy, so leave room on your new leaf for these:

First:—We feel sure that 1923 will see a new and modern high school. Everyone by this time must know the demand for it and in the words of the old copy book axioms, "The supply must meet the demand." Tell your folks to put that resolution on their copy.

Second:—We hated like time to put this down, but the need for it is evident, namely—We hope to see more of the good-old-fashioned loyalty and school-spirit that makes a school what it is. Underline that, all you who never find time to attend school rallies or games or class meetings.

Third:—We would like to see a good, strong debating team formed at R. H. S. We have the material and we can have the directorship. All we need is the initiative and leadership.

Fourth:—We hope that the school as a whole will show more interest and support to THE RED AND WHITE. Sad but true, is the statement that a paper can not be published without money and we must sell more papers if you want a better paper to represent your school. If you're reading this out of someone else's paper we hope you'll take the hint.

Forgive our brief sermon; it just naturally slipped out and we truly thank you for your help in the past and trust it will continue in the future. Again we repeat: A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Student Government! What do those two words mean to you? Do you believe in student government, or do you prefer to be watched?

In order to answer these few questions, simple as they are, we must first of all consider the benefits of self rule. The first practical thing is the training of ourselves to be trustworthy. This is the thing that will later on show us the true meaning of the word, "citizen."

The next big thing is the saving of time and money, for time is money. If a room in a school, that is intended for study, is in need of a teacher to keep order, then it takes that teacher away from some other "job" that might be the helping of some person to make his grade in school. Now the salary of such a teacher is paid by the town, and the town is run by the people, who pay through taxes. Thus we see that the old, old truth of paying for everything you get can be applied here.

Now, to get down to a little better logic, think for a moment, of the way the larger things of life are done. Take for instance—our government. It is run by the people, assisted by the people, chosen by the same power and guided by a president who corresponds to the principal in our school government. As in national life the less disorder there is, and the more we can learn to do without "policemen," the cheaper and better for us.

Now perhaps you are thinking, "Why is all this written out and set before us in our school paper? We get enough of this stuff outside of school!" And that's the point! You do get enough of that outside, but far too little of it inside, where it is just as necessary. Ninety-five out of one hundred schools that have tried student government have indorsed it. Don't let's be any exception to the rule.

All right then, its up to us. Let's all start the New Year right by making a resolution to keep our study rooms in order, and to organize a body of students who can, and will, take charge of a room and do it right.

Come on, that's it! Show these people that have heard bad reports about our "Alma Mater" that we can be trustworthy without being watched! Let's go!

R. GILMORE, '25.

STUDENTS, TAKE NOTICE

It has been suggested from time to time that we establish new departments of various kinds. Among others that have been suggested are those of Radio, Music, Open Forum, and Poet's Corner. If you are in favor of one of these, or of any other not mentioned, let us know by telling your class reporter or notifying Miss Bowen.

We are anxious to make this paper a success through its interest to you students. If at any time you have suggestions to make or articles that you think would look well in print, please send them in as it is only in this way we can find out what the school wants.

"See that girl over here? She was a War Bride."

"Good Lord! She must be at least seventy."

"Yeh, she was a Civil War Bride."

Why do they feed camphor to elephants at the zoo?

Oh, just to keep the moths out of their trunks.

Criss—I was up before the faculty this morning.

Cross—Tough luck. What did they say?

Why nothing, of course. They are glad to have you get up early.

DISAPPOINTMENT

By Mary Cooper, '23

If you had been inside the house, as I was, you would have said that the master and mistress were absent, and had left behind a good sized family of children. And you would have been right. The kitchen stool was placed before the book case, so that Little Sister might reach the top shelf. A weighty encyclopedia, and a dictionary, together with Evangeline and the Youth's Companion, were on the floor beside it. A doll carriage, from which had tumbled blankets and pillows, stood deserted in the middle of the floor. A knapsack, blanket roll, and hand-axe lay in a heap under the antique sideboard. A sweater, scarf, and pair of wool gloves were on a dining-room chair that had escaped, somehow, into the living-room. On the dining table stood a miscellaneous heap of dishes that seemed to have come from several successive meals. It was now mid-afternoon and those dishes should have been washed long ago. The floors in all the rooms were liberally sprinkled with crumbs, sticky stuff, forks, papers, and just plain dust.

Little Sister, aged ten, after one hopeless and guilty look at the overloaded table, and a hopeful one at Big Sister who was curled up in an armchair, absorbed in a magazine, fled quietly from the house. Brother's hammer was heard from the cellar. I, the middle sister, sat in a pile of schoolbooks in the parlor.

An automobile horn sounded outside. I gave one startled glance out the window and rushed for Big Sister. I had pulled her to her feet and taken away her magazine before she knew what was happening. She aroused, quickly enough, tho, at my news. "Oh Sis," I said excitedly, "Mr. Cannon's car is out front and all his family are in it!"

That was enough to startle anyone. Father's boss, whose good will was so important, and his wife, notorious in our town for her fussy neatness in every detail! We must save the family reputation! Sister jumped out of her chair, gave one look out of the window, which informed her that Mr. Cannon had gone up the street to turn the car around; then she turned and became the frenzied director of affairs.

"We have two minutes," she gasped. "Dot, you pick up the magazines, books and papers and chairs, and hang up the coats in here. I'll tackle the other room." Then, while working feverishly, she managed to give some more directions. "We can't help the dirt and dust now," she mourned, "but we can pick up the big things. Oh, I wish we had doors into the dining-room, instead of a colonnade. We can't have the dishes looking like that." A sudden inspiration seized her. With a quick shake, a clean table-cloth covered the dirty dishes. "There, I hope she thinks we've set the table for supper and put the cloth on to keep out the dust," thought Big Sister, tho I am sure that in her heart of hearts she knew the sharp eyes of Mrs. Cannon would discern dirt thru any disguise. The extra chairs were crammed hastily into the downstairs bedroom and the door closed. The

books were placed in the case, with no regard as to the proper shelves. The magazines were crammed, in a hasty pile, upon a shelf of the magazine rack, the camping equipment and extra wraps were thrown into the kitchen, and then—

"Oh, Dot," wailed Big Sister, "take the potatoes out of the oven please. Just smell them burning! I forgot all about them at dinner." Then, with a last hopeless glance at the rooms, still dirty, though less disorderly than before, she turned and went out the front door, resolved to "stall them off," if possible, and prevent them from reaching the house.

I took the black potatoes from the oven, and thought with dismay of what Mrs. Cannon would surely think of a burned smell all thru the house. But little time was given for that. I rushed here and there frantically picking up one thing after another, tossing them away. Then the resolve. "I can't possibly see Mrs. Cannon. I'll have to stay out of sight. My skirt is crooked, my hair's all down, my hands and face are dreadfully dirty. Sister can tend to the Cannons. I'll wait in the kitchen."

So I basely deserted my post. But I didn't stay in the kitchen. I suddenly and guiltily remembered the chickens, who had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and I fled to the even safer refuge of the chickenhouse. After that I dared not re-enter the house for fear Mrs. Cannon would see me mounting the back steps and would call me in.

There followed a long wait, the time filled by torturing questions. Had I picked up my hat from the corner? Wasn't that battered doll that Little Sister still played with, in on the piano bench? And the chairs hadn't been dusted for a week. Oh, our doom was sealed. Our reputation was ruined.

Then Big Sister appeared at the back door and in a voice tinged half with relief, half with disgust, called out to me, "Oh, Dot, all our worry for nothing. The Cannons are out for an automobile ride, and being up this way, stopped to ask when Dad would get back. And what do you know, Mrs. Cannon complimented us on the neatness of our lawn! 'So many lawns are covered untidily with leaves, at this season,' she said. I don't believe she even noticed that we have only spruce trees on the lawn!"

A FRESHMAN FRIGHT

It was far, far, away in the dim, hazy past when I was a green and very fresh Freshman. With a couple of other fellow Freshmen I planned to attend the seventeenth and final episode of our favorite blood and thunder thriller. We stealthily went our way thru back streets until at last we climbed the stairs into that locality vulgarly called "Niggers Heaven." At last we were safe, our fears were over, and— a fiendish chuckle made my pompadour a close copy of a porcupine. There sat two long rows of Sophs.

I distinctly heard the hollow clank of my knees as they played a sort of funeral march, and my teeth gave a spirited rendition of "Lead Kindly Light." Threats were hurled at us from a score of

our mortal enemies and visions of the old watering-trough as our next stop came to our minds.

Then, as the News Weekly flashed on the silver sheet we dropped to our hands and knees and silently crept for the stairs. But alas, after an agonized attempt to muffle it, a sneeze broke the silence. After us the deluge.

We arose. We reached the stairs. We took three flights in three bounds. We turned and dashed thru the door and there, shades of Caesar! was another crowd of Sophs. But nothing could stop us. We dashed thru their startled ranks like so many comets and the wind roared past our ears as we made the sum of the 100,000,000½ miles from the second door to the street.

I was never built for running, but to say I was running then is putting it mildly. If I had had a feather in my hand I would have been flying. But on and on came the pad, pad, pad of our relentless tormenters. Must we submit? Must we suffer the icy plunge of defeat? No answer, but the oncoming feet seemed to hammer Y-E-S.

Then, desperation bringing frantic courage, we three turned into a private walk, raced up a flight of steps, flung open a door, and dashed into a house which we had never entered before or since.

I have a confused impression of a startled young lady, of a fainting old lady, and the rest of a horror-stricken household, but by this time we were out the back door and were safe.

Whose house it was I do not know and care less, but the Sophs thought it was ours and our danger had vanished. Late that night as I sunk into oblivion I heaved a sigh that blew the pictures from the wall, feeling that the old iron tub was once more cheated of its prey.

AN APPRECIATION

Were you ever so fascinated by anything, so wonderful, that you thought you would wake up and find it had all been a dream?

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." This surely applies to the Denishawn Dancers, who were in Rutland, Friday evening, January 5th, and danced their way into everyone's heart. The utter quietness of the theatre during the whole performance was something to be noted—not a murmur while there was any dancing and then the long burst of applause after each number showed the appreciation of the audience.

The first few numbers were examples of musical visualization. Beethoven's Sonata Pathetic was a marvel in the art of dancing by Ruth St. Denis and her company, showing visualization of music to be truly a wonderful thing. The next, a number from Chopin of of the Revolutionary period, with Ted Shawn and three of the girls in the cast, was easily understood. Two girls, dressed in red, symbolic of Flame and Destruction, visualized the accompaniment while Shawn and the other girl expressed a superimposed dramatic narrative. Another number, Soaring, appealed to many. A large veil represented wind, wave and cloud and this filling with air and pulled into different shapes added to the visualization.

Next followed some incidental numbers which were very interesting, dances of Spain and a few dances by members of the cast.

Perhaps the most intricate number was a Dance Drama based upon an ancient legend which was given in two parts. The fantastic scenery and costumes and barbaric scenes and dances were very fascinating. The plot and story of the dance were easily followed altho not a word was spoken.

Part four of the program included dances of the Orient: China, which was expressed by a dance of the Chinese Goddess of Mercy, Crete, India, Siam, Japan, Java, and Egypt and the last, the Dance of the Re-birth.

Then our little bubble burst and our dream, which we wish could come again and again, was over.

J. C., '23.

NEWS ITEMS

HONOR ROLL

Second Period

SENIORS

Roland Aronson
Whitney Cook
Mary Cooper
Nita Crowther
Herbert Davison
Doris Grover
Hazel Hall
Dorothea Humphreys
Helen Matthews
Lemuel Ransom
Freda Young

JUNIORS

Olive Ball
Elizabeth Davison
Francis Flanagan
Arthur Kavanagh
Dorothy Kirk
Florence Lockerby
Ruth MacGillivray
Charlotte Williams

SOPHOMORES

Alberic Bellerose
Bertha Catozzi
Stetson Edmunds
Lucy Gooding
John Hinchey
Frances Howley
Anna Johnson
Charles Reardon
Anna Walker
Mildred Young

FRESHMEN

Cecile Balch
Ruth Beardsley
Pauline Burridge
Ruth Buxton
James Connolly
Aldo Franceschi
Harry Franzoni
Eleanor Hubbard
Bernard McHugh
Margarita Morphy
Mary Pond
Doris Richards
Pearle Shepard

THE ROTARY CLUB SPEAKERS

There was inaugurated in Rutland a short while ago, a Rotary Club, similar to hundreds of clubs of the same name the country over. The club has been accomplishing much good since it was started in our city. It has aided the citizens in many ways.*

Perhaps one of its principal helps has been, and is, its striving

for better education. The Rotarians have done much for our schools, graded and high, but especially for the high school. They undoubtedly thought that we students needed their attention more because being students we are apt to consider that we know it all. They who have fought and are fighting the battle of Life wish to warn us of its perils and pitfalls.

This year they have attempted something new—something aimed to aid the individual student in making his choice of an occupation after his school days are over. Out of the number of their members they are sending once a week a speaker who describes the joys and sorrows, ideals and ambitions, requirements and rewards of his particular vocation.

Perhaps some fellow students fail to see the importance of these talks—perhaps they think that they are not concerned. But these speakers and members of the Rotary Club know very well of the "misfits" in the professions and trades. They know of the doctors who were meant to be iron-workers; of the dentists who should be blacksmiths. They know of the shopworker who will be always sorry that he did not study law when he had the chance; and of the street employee who yearns to be a surgeon. They know of the countless people in all the different walks of life who will never be successful because they are not in the right occupation. Their hearts are not in their work and they will never rise above the ground floor.

The aim of the Rotarians, in this case is to save us, the students of Rutland High School, from vain regrets and failures in later life by guiding us to the right path at the start so that we may travel on to success and happiness.

They get no material recompense for their services; they do not want any. We may repay them in only one way: by using the information which they give us, in choosing the right vocation so that we may be able, when our turn comes, to "carry on" and boost Rutland as the Rotarians of today are doing.

THE CHRISTMAS DANCE

About one hundred couples enjoyed dancing in the assembly hall on the evening of December 26. The hall was gaily decorated with the usual Christmas colors, and a miniature Christmas tree lighted with colored bulbs together with a crescent moon also in colored lights. Dancing was in order from 8:30 to 12, with an intermission at 10:45 during which refreshments were served.

Whittemore's orchestra furnished music. The dance, an annual affair, was produced under the auspices of the High School P. T. A.

GRADUATION

The first school entertainment of the year took place November 24th in the shape of a burlesque on the graduation exercises of Pokeville Young Ladies Seminary. It was produced by girls from the Senior class, and was surely a scream, from the first wild crash of the "Class orchestra" to the

(Continued on page 14.)

ALUMNI NOTES

In Memoriam

JEAN MURDICK

"Undaunted by the clouds of fear,
Undazzled by a happy day,
She made a Heaven about her here,
And took how much! with her away."

1921

Kathyrn Botsford—Russell Sage
Paul Collins—Fordham
Leslie Hoag—Annapolis
Isabelle Marshall—Middlebury
Charles Metzger—West Point
Frances Salisbury—Reporting at Herald
Ray Perkett—N. Y. University
Margaret Peck—Middlebury
Hannah Murphy—Bank
Ina Karson—Wittenburg
Madeline Hodsdon—Wheaton
Madeline Davis—Wheaton
Frank Clarke—Norwich
Paul Cardelle—Norwich
Francis Cannon—Holy Cross
Zereda Brims—R. R. Office
John Eddy—St. Michaels

1920

Florence Beale—Boston Univ.
Clarence Botsford—Middlebury
Martha Butler—Penn. Teacher
Kathleen Collins—Mary Fletcher Hospital
Mildred Farmer—Mrs. Charles Lamondy
Christine Germond—Superintendent's office.
Priscilla Gower—U. V. M.
Gladys Jones—Mrs. Harold Tower
Richard Lane—Standard Oil Co.
William Metzger—U. V. M.
Erminie Ostiguy—Middlebury
Edward Leahy—Norwich
George Peck—Middlebury
Margaret Preedom—Mary Fletcher Hospital
Lillian Robertson—
Ruth Quigley—Middlebury
Payson Webber—Harvard
Doris Wilson—Stenographer
Anna Wilkinson—Middlebury

1919

Mary Williams—Middlebury
Frances Sterns—Skidmore
Beth Rounds—Mrs. Smith
Rudolph Ross—Tufts Dental
Macy Pratt—Mrs. Kenneth Preston
Gladys Powers—Mary Fletcher Hospital
Ruth Martin—Wellesley
Marguerite Loukes—Middlebury
Grant Loomis—Hamilton
Florence LeBoeuf—Fanny Allen Hospital
Mary Margaret Landon—Smith
Leigh Hunt—U. V. M.
Reginald Hodsdon—Middlebury
Frederick Anderson—U. V. M.
Maurice Bellerose—Norwich
Donald Clark—U. V. M.
Bruce Coolidge—Middlebury
Frederick Deragon—Georgetown

1918

Muriel Grower—N. E. Conservatory
Ruth Fletcher—Graduate nurse
Edward Dye—Norwich
Ruth Davis—Mrs. William Kennedy
Ata Craig—Nurse
Eleanor Cassidy—Simmons

Mary Chamberland—Teacher in Jericho
Charles Baldwin—Middlebury
Paul Anderson— U. V. M.
George Lee—U. V. M.
Ruth Martin—Simmons
Mary Norton—Professor Abbott's Assistant
Carl Olney—Old Colony Bank
Cyril Shelvey—Middlebury

EXCHANGES

The Oracle, Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.

The Register, Burlington High School, Burlington, Vt.

Hi-Spirit, Enosburg Falls High School, Enosburg Falls, Vt.

The Patriot, Leavenworth High School, Leavenworth, Kansas.

The Echo, Blytheville High School, Blytheville, Arkansas.

Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.

Spaulding Sentinel, Barre High School, Barre, Vt.

High School Record, Montpelier High School, Montpelier, Vt.

Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School.

Cardinal and Gray, Brandon High School, Brandon, Vt.

The Peabody Volunteer, Nashville High School, Nashville, Tenn.

Holdenville School News, Holdenville, Oklahoma.

The Volunteer, Concord, N. H.

Spaulding Sentinal, Barre, Vt.—You have a fine paper. The jokes are good and the illustrations are clever.

High School Record, Montpelier, Vt.—The editorials are short and snappy, but the arrangement is rather poor.

Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.—Your paper is very business like and well gotten up.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School—It is one of our best exchanges and much better than most high school publications.

The Cardinal and Gray, Brandon, Vt.—You have a novel idea of printing, but it is hard to read.

The Peabody Volunteer, Nashville, Tenn.—A clever and newsy publication printed in newspaper style.

Holdenville School News, Oklahoma—It is a very complete and finished paper for a bi-weekly publication.

The Volunteer, Concord, N. H.—There are very good news items and some good poetry in your paper.

ATHLETICS

BOY SCOUTS vs. R. H. S.

In the first game of the season R. H. S. defeated the Boy Scouts 28-14. Coach O'Brien used the entire squad. "Jim" Rice and "Whit" Cook were strong on the defense and both got some fine baskets. Frost played well for the Scouts.

R. H. S. vs. MIDDLEBURY

In the first game on the Armory court R. H. S. administered to the boys from the college town a defeat of 50 to 22. In the first half of the game the first team worked the ball up and down the court scoring at will. Cook, Bellerose and Metzger were the point getters. Even when the second team was used 'Midd" was unable to make much headway.

The Rotary Club, who have done so much for R. H. S. in the past season, were our guests of the evening as were the Junior High School. As an added attraction incident to the opening of the season Mayor James Dunn tossed up the first ball at the opening of the game.

THE CLASS SERIES

The class series was a thriller this year. In the opening game the Seniors defeated the Juniors 23 to 24. Cook, Frost and Roberts were the stars. Cook was particularly good at foul shooting.

In the second game the Sophs walloped the "Freshies" 44 to 8. Manfreda and Bellerose were the stars.

In the deciding game between the Sophs and Seniors there is still some doubt as to who was the winner. At the present time the Sophs stand winners by the score of 35 to 34.

Herman Sherburne, who was Interscholastic Sprint Champion last year, writes from the University of Wisconsin that in a class track meet he ran the "100" in 10 1-5, thus establishing a new record for a class track meet at that college. R. H. S. should be proud of the fact that Coach Kingsley has turned out such men.

R. H. S. FACULTY vs BOY SCOUTS

On the night of December 2, a fair sized crowd braved the elements to see the first great event of the basket-ball season—The R. H. S. Faculty and Boy Scout game.

"Nicky" Manfreda, a former high school athlete of great fame, tossed the ball at the beginning of the contest and continued to officiate as referee, in a most creditable manner, throughout a very difficult game.

During the first period, the Scouts had to exert themselves to the limit to maintain a slight lead. The Faculty, from the start, showed the loss of their fleet-footed, sure-shooting forward, Harold I.

O'Brien, who was out of the city and could not return in time for the great event. It was rumored that the Faculty wired him to charter a special train at their expense and to arrive in time, at any cost, but he was unable to do so.

The spectators were amazed when they noticed that the Faculty had started the contest with their wonderful guard, "Lacy" Bump, on the bench, but owing to repeated calls from the fans, "We want Bump," the deplorable mistake was rectified before the end of the first quarter and Mr. Bump was soon playing his marvelous game at guard.

Shortly after the beginning of the second half the pace set by the hard and fast Scouts began to tell on the "Profs" and their repeated calls for time out saved the doctors and nurses at the hospital much extra work and prevented some of the students from having extra holidays.

Davenport played a star game at forward for the Scouts. He knew it and so did the Faculty; while the Faculty were **all** stars, each one a shining light unto himself.

After a hard fought battle the Scouts came out on the long end of a 25 to 24 score.

Mr. Walbridge had a hard time to decide whether to be glad or sorry because of the outcome of the game. He played on the Faculty team to the best of his ability and also coached the Scouts. His was a good job, think the Scouts, though the Faculty have a different opinion. What's the use?

(Continued from page 10.)

final bows. The audience was given a splendid opportunity to see the whole array for the class entered at the right door and made the entire circuit of the Assembly Hall before mounting the stage. During the whole parade the class orchestra played its hair-raising music on washtubs, combs, bird whistles, a toy trombone and an eight inch banjo. Meanwhile Madame Knimblefingeri, once known as Mary MacDowell, sat at the piano in a billowy pink gown, and furnished the sole tune.

One of the senations of the evening was the wild recitation of "My Beautiful, My Beautiful," by Clementine DeVere, erst-while Mildred Grower. Another was the amazing essay on "Flies" by Eva Ready, or Jessie Chase.

The audience of about three hundred certainly enjoyed the whole performance, and showed it by clapping and laughing at exactly the appropriate times.

Miss Newton and the girls who took part are to be congratulated on the kind of work the affair showed.

Dorothy Fifield (translating a love scene in French)—"Ha—er—a—um—

Miss Barry—The way you stumble along you'd think you never had any experience.

With bells on her fingers,
Horns on her toes;
We hear the Freshman
Wherever she goes.

—Exchange.

WAITER'S SLANG

Customer: "Mutton broth in a hurry."
Waiter: "Baa-baa in the rain; make him run."

Customer: "Beefsteak and onions."
Waiter: "John Bull and smother him."

Customer: "Two fried eggs, not too hard."
Waiter: "Adam and Eve in the garden. Leave their eyes open."

Customer: "Where's my baked potatoes?"
Waiter: "Mrs. Murphy in a seal-skin coat."

Customer: "Chicken croquettes.
Waiter: "Foul ball."

Customer: "Hash."
Waiter: "Gentleman wants to take a chance."

Customer: "Give me hash, too."
Waiter: "Another sport."

Customer: "Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good and hot."
Waiter: "Fido, ship, and bale of hay. Let 'em sizzle."

—Exchange.

A MODERN GIRL (a la Kipling)

A rag, a cropped dome, and a shank all bare.

—Exchange.

On Nevsky bridge a Russian stood
Eating his beard instead of food.
'Twas not so good as bread and meat
But a great deal better than Shreaded Wheat.

The English department of the high school highly recommends the following book list, compiled by Professor Phimsprts, the famous professor of slang at the University of Flunking. These books are splendid for killing time, the reader, or anything else.

Up with the curtain!

"The Lovers," Henry I. Holder.
"The Wreck," Ivan Otto Mobile.
"The Sacrifice," John U. Kisser.
"The Sentence," Mann U. Dye.
"The Coward," Tom B. Brave.
"The Heiress," Lotta Doe.
"The Return," Homer Gayne.
"Clothes," Iva Taylor.
"Insane," Luna Tycke.
"The Catastrophe," Oher Skurtzoff.
"The Panacea," Sally Patty Kerr.
"The End," Allsup.

—Exchange.

Boy—Book,
Girl—Look,
Book—Neglected,
Flunk—Expected.

—Exchange.

DOWN WHERE THE BOB LEAVES OFF

I've had my hair bobbed and, O! what a job
To put in the curl and the frizzle.
And after I've gone to a great deal of pains
To curl it and twirl it— it generally rains.
And I look so forlorn and, alas, how I mourn
For the pigtail that hung down my back.

—Exchange.

Freshmen—Short pants, scared looks.
Sophomores—Flashy socks, no books.
Juniors—Bunches of girls, pompadour.
Seniors—Lofty looks, works no more.

—Exchange.

I love the High School Faculty,
It is so kind to me;
And if I study night and day,
Perhaps I'll draw a "D."

—Exchange.

Morse wants to know what year "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" played.

Mr. Bump: "You owe a great deal to chemistry."
Frost: "Yes, look at our high school blondes."

Visitor: "Do you support your school paper?"
T. Russell: "Of course not, it has a staff."

THE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU

A new department has recently been established in The Red and White to help all those who are inclined to be a little overcome with the heat of the furnace in the High School in the last few months. We are beginning to notice a few cases where the walls are used for leaning posts and the paper for notes. We have received a few notes to be answered in this issue. Please do not hesitate to put your love affairs in our hands. We promise you the best of attention and guarantee that you will be satisfied. Address all personal matter to Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam Magpy:
I just received a letter from my girl and am in a quandary as to how I should answer it. It read:

Dear Phyl:
"Apples are good,
Peaches are better.
If you love me,
Write me a letter."
—Francis Thomson.
Please advise me.
Phyl Maloney.

Ans.—Apples on the table,
Peaches on the shelf,
If you are big enough, help yourself.

Dear Madam Magpy:
Do you like men with mustaches?
Mark Eaton.
No, Mark, they tickle.
Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam Magpy:
Do you like athletic young men?
Mary MacDowell.
All but the dumbell kind, Mary.
Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam Magpy:
How can I keep the girls from calling me up?
Bob Marshall.

Dear Bob:
Disconnect the phone.
Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam Magpy:
Do you thing a young girl should allow her beau to kiss her at parting?
Helen Kent.
Helen, dear, only your hand.
Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam Magpy:
My hands are often cold when riding with my fiance. How can this be stopped?
Jessie Chase.

Dear Jessie:
Sit on them.
Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam Magpy:
What will I do? The girls all plague me about my rosy complexion.
Bill Lawson.
Billie, dear, if it's real you need not worry.
Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam:
When a lad writes you love-sick poetry, should you take him seriously?
Margaret Parker.
Ans.—Yes. Real love gives pain without hurting.

Dear Madam Magpy:
Do you believe in love at first sight?
Bob Gilmore.
Bob: No, I wear colored glasses.
Madam Magpy.

Dear Madam Magpy:
My friend is bashful. How can I cure him?
Gin Marshall.

Dear Gin:
Tell him to say, "Every day, in every way, I get wilder and wilder." a la Coue-Coo-Coo—
Madam Magpy.

RED & WHITE JOKES

Have you noticed the *black and white* joke our editor-in-chief is perpetrating? Or rather, could one miss it?

Do not be too harsh in criticizing this edition of our paper. We have just passed the happiest part of the year and most of the staff have been home busily playing with their toys and dolls.

We feel, these days, very much like the old darkey who, upon paying his fare on the trolley, accidentally pulled out his bottle of hootch and let it fall on the floor. After watching its contents trickle down into the cracks he looked up at the conductor and remarked, "Well, suh, Christmas has come—and gone."

We are sorry to state that there is not much hope for our absent-minded editor-in-chief. It was lately rumored that one night he put his cane to bed and stood up in the corner till morning. Also, in the morning he picked up a brush and, thinking it to be a mirror, remarked, "My, what a beard I have!" While getting breakfast, he dropped his watch in the water and held the egg three minutes. Mr. Editor-in-chief, accept our regrets.

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"Tubby" Olson to Metzger, on way home from school—"Aw, Fritz, push over and give me a little room, will you?"

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—Exchange.

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Rutland, Vermont

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Vol. 2 **June, 1923** **No. 4**

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EDITORIALS

SCHOOL POLITICS

Of late we have been reading in various magazines of the country concerning school politics. It is a successful and shining fact in many of our larger schools at the present. They have raised it from a possibility to a probability for future schools.

It is in brief as follows: An election is held in which regular officers of a city, from mayor to police department, are elected. There are regular campaigns, not the ordinary school election, and those elected have to line up to their offices.

There is a traffic squad which directs traffic in the halls, a police force to maintain order and a health squad to look after cleanliness of the school. All delinquents are ordered before the Student's Board, which punishes them as it sees fit.

To some this may seen visionary and too complicated for a school such as ours. But its usefulness has been proven elsewhere and it requires only initiative and cooperation for R. H. S. to follow.

During this summer think this over. Study it and get ideas and perhaps—who knows—next year we might attempt something of this kind.

The Staff of The Red and White wishes all its subscribers a very enjoyable vacation. It appreciates their support and hopes for its continuance. It gratefully acknowledges the interest of the advertisers without which The Red and White could not have existed. Next year, it is to be hoped there will be a bigger, better and more enthusiastic "Red and White." The staff has not realized its ambitions but, alas, one never does. But next year——well, until next year, au revoir!

THE STORY OF A SENIOR

There was once a Senior. He was a Boy of great and wise Abilities. If you did not Believe it you could ask Him and He would tell you it was So. He cordially Loathed the Athlete and the Dance Hound. He was a Student. He did not Play; neither did he engage in Games of skill as did his fellows. He was a Grind.

While others were Enjoying Nature, he was pursuing the elusive Gerund. His only Athletic stunt was lifting his Voice. He grew Pale; but his Marks were all neatly arranged in the First letter of the Alphabet. He was the High Ranker of his class.

When Graduation drew near he was Valedictorian. His highest Hope was realized. But he Began to see Pink Elephants. He saw Snakes with Panama Hats and was put in a Building with Bars and Walls. He was a Nut.

He had Studied until his Brain had collapsed. The M. D. said, "Too much Work and no Play." He now Dwells in a Padded Cell and talks with Napoleon. "Requiescat in Pace."

Moral: Never mix Studies with School Work.

THE TWO B. M'S.

The train pulled into the small station of Essex and almost before it had come to a standstill a stream of boys was pouring over from each end of the car. Greetings were shouted at the top of those hearty young lungs. Suitcases were sent flying out the open windows and all was bustle, hustle and confusion.

"I calculate they'll have to build on an addition to their old 'Dorm' if many more come out of that train," chuckled Sam, the station master.

One good looking, good natured fellow wriggled out one of the car windows and was greeted by shouts as he dropped to the ground.

"Hello, Sport!"

"Well, Chub, old sport!"

"Happy New Year, Chub!"

Such salutations greeted the young student as he tried to make his way through the crowd of chaps pouring out on the platform.

Billy Martin was the life of Essex Hall and everyone in town knew him by reputation if not personally. He had been on the school athletic teams for three years and now he was returning with the other boys after the summer vacation.

Hatless he stood on the platform with his hands thrust deep into his pockets except when engaged in the occupation of shaking hands, and slapping some long-lost companion on the back.

"Has anyone seen my suitcase?" Billy finally managed to yell. "Here's one with B. M. on it, so it must be mine."

"Here, I'll take it for you," offered Chester Stone. Chester grabbed Billy by one arm and picked up the suitcase in the other hand. "Come on, we'll have to run like hang for the stage," hurried Chet.

That night the crowd of boys essembled in the north room occupied by Billy and Elmer White. It was late when the boys retired after talking over their vacations and eating some of the good things mothers and sisters and sweethearts had made for them.

"Darn it, I'm so tired I can't unpack the other suitcase tonight," said Billy as he wearily prepared his bed, "There isn't much in it but my good togs and I won't need 'em until the reception tomorrow night."

One of Billy's characteristics, perhaps a fault, was to let things go until later. In fact, his motto was, "Put off anything you can until tomorrow." Consequently Billy's suitcase lay unopened under his bed until the next night when he came to dress for the dance, which was given at the beginning of every year.

At last he dumped the contents on the bed. Hurriedly shaking out the dress suit, he spread it over the chair, suddenly discovering that it did not look like his own suit.

"Must have picked up Ben's," grumbled Billy. Ben was his older brother.

Upon examining it he discovered it was much smaller than his.

"Hey, King!" he yelled to King Walkins, as he ran down the corridor.

"What's the trouble, Chub?" inquired King, coming in and sit-

ting on the trunk at one side of Billy.

"Oh, nothing, only I've some other fella's suit," commented Billy calmly.

"Tough luck, old man. I'll skip down the line and see if I can get one for ya."

While Billy was awaiting King's return he felt thru the pockets of the suit of which he was possessor.

Billy found no clue to the ownership until putting his hand in one pocket, he drew forth a picture of the flapper-girl he intended to take to the reception.

"The exact picture of Dot, that she gave me—wow—some one has changed suits on purpose!" exclaimed Billy, hotly.

"No use Billy, I can't rake up a suit that will fit you," King told Billy a few minutes later. "I've telephoned to the tailor to help you out but he can't get the suit up here until eight o'clock, and you've got to go get Dot and be back here by then."

"What fellow ever had the nerve to do that thing anyway—King—WHAT shall I do? This is --h--hang!" Billy was hot tempered by this time. "I'll have to wait that's all."

"Meantime I'll telephone Dot that you—"

"I can't do that—" interrupted Bill.

"—that you can't get over there until eight-thirty. What say, Bill?" continued King. "Perhaps El knows something about it. Here he comes."

"El!—do **you** know who the devil has changed suit cases with me?" demanded Billy wildly.

"No! How should I know who has your suit?" said El, "but there's a fellow over in the north wing that's having a fit because he's lost his suit case and his dress suit is in it."

"Perhaps he's exchanged suit cases with you, Chub?" King said, "You had better look over the other stuff before you go any farther."

"These things are **not** mine!—! **He** must have taken **my** things."

"He claims someone has his suit case," giggled Elmer.

"Some one take **this** truck and I'll go claim **my** paraphernalia," yelled Billy, as he ran wildly down the corridor. "Where did ya say he was?"

"North wing, twenty-four," replied Elmer.

"My suit case, man! where is it?" exploded Billy as he threw open the door of number twenty-four.

A short, black-haired fellow sat on the table holding Dot's picture in one hand and a dress suit in the other.

"That's my picture and my suit!" exclaimed Bill, snatching the articles.

"Well, let's explain," said the other slowly.

"Why, one of the boys picked up the suit case with **my** initials on it, and I supposed of course it was mine," explained Billy hastily.

"Please, and what are your initials?" inquired the other.

"B. M." answered Billy.

"Well so are mine," said the boy on the table calmly.

"And what is your name?" inquired Bill.

"Baldwin Martin, but they call me 'Billy,'" answered the black-haired youth.

"And so is mine, they call me Billy, too." Billy was puzzled. "I was named after my Dad."

"I was named after my Uncle. Dad and he had some trouble when they were young. Dad has always been sorry so he named me after his brother."

Billy had an idea. "You must be Uncle's boy. Dad told me about the quarrel, but he didn't tell **me** about **you**."

"Well, they haven't seen each other for over twenty years," exclaimed the dark-haired boy.

"You must be my cousin," said our first Billy. "I'll see you again but I think I'll take my picture and suit case."

"That's my picture Dot gave me," said Billy the second, indignantly.

"Well, there's one over in my room that Dot gave me so I'll say we're square."

The two Billys became great friends. When Christmas came Billy invited his cousin to spend Christmas with him, writing his father he was going to bring one of the boys home Christmas.

The night the boys reached Billy's home a telegram was handed to Daniel Martin of Chicago, reading:—

"My boy has brought your boy home for Christmas. You are invited to spend it with us. Let us forget our trouble.

Baldwin Martin, Sr."

Daniel Martin accepted.

D. W. '25.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The annual play presented by the Senior Class has, for a number of years, been an important and noteworthy event in the schedule of high school activities. This year, with the presentation of the "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," the class of '23 won fresh laurels. The play, which was produced at the Playhouse on May 18, was received very enthusiastically by two large audiences.

Much praise is due to Miss Nellie Newton, under whose direction the actors were drilled. Each character was exceptionally well suited to his or her role, as a result of Miss Newton's excellent judgment. Mr. Harvey R. Kingsley's assistance was also of value.

The "Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," is the story of a wealthy, and somewhat eccentric aunt, who nevertheless has a soft spot in her heart for her nephew, inclined to play pranks. However, Aunt Mary submits to these escapades and pays the bills, but disowns her nephew with the advent of a breach of promise suit.

The nephew, then resides in the home of his chum where he immediately becomes enamored of the host's sister. This feeling is not returned at first but gradually becomes mutual. Influenced by the letters of one of Jack's friends, Aunt Mary arrives in New York. She pardons her nephew and speedily falls in love with all his friends, including "that girl," who acts as maid, in order to gain Aunt Mary's affection.

Then Aunt Mary returns home to the country, where she laments

the lack of everything belonging to the city. The instigator of the breach of promise suit repents of her act, all through the influence of Aunt Mary. The play ends with everyone reunited and happy and with all the complicated parts disentangled.

Doris Beardsley was excellent as Aunt Mary. She performed her role, which was difficult because of its prominence, very creditably. Angelo Spero, as Nephew Jack, made an engaging and very delightful hero. Betty, who later became Granice, was bewitchingly portrayed by Mabel White. Jessie Chase, the Vamp, was a captivating Girl from Kalamazoo, while a most dignified and scholarly solicitor was found in Theodore Roberts.

The humor of the play was centered around Joshua and Lucinda, Aunt Mary's hired help and Wyncoop Clover, one of Jack's friends. Clifford Adams and Alice Carruth, as the two former, respectively, were very clever in their roles, while Red Shaw, as Clover, was very funny both from the audience's point of view and seemingly his own.

William Snyder and Harold Eddy as Mitchell and Burnett, Jack's chums, played their parts well, as did Ralph Davis, who, as the butler, was—tout comme il faut. Daisy Mullins and Eva were skillfully characterized by Hazel Hall and Mabel Belden.

It is estimated that $200 were the net receipts of the play, which amount will go to swell the Library Fund.

CLASS POEM—1923

Four years we have had for a goal, graduation,
This seemed to us all the one aim of our lives.
We have striven and toiled and used every endeavor,
And now we rejoice that the great day arrives.

Our journey has lain up the slope of a mountain,
Over rocks and through darkness up into the light.
Willing hands have reached down to sustain and assist us,
Wise friends have instructed and guided us right.

Now for a moment we pause at the summit,
Expecting the road to lie level ahead;
But we find that our mountain was only a foothill,
And that still higher mountains before us are spread.

Peak upon peak they rise, touching the heavens,
Enshrouded in mists no eye can discern.
Here we divide each one of us seeking,
The peak of success for which all of us yearn.

Our joys and our sorrows we now must bear singly,
Our ways must be travelled with no one to guide;

(Continued on page 17)

1923

Lemuel Ransom is the pride of East Pittsford. The rattle of his Ford truck will no longer disturb the peaceful slumber of the inhabitants. It is not often that school starts without our Lemuel, with his rusty Lizzie, arriving in the nick of time in a cloud of dust.

Clarence Seward, commonly known as "Dubby" from all reports can make his love nest unassisted. "Dubby" says he is glad chemistry will soon be past history.

Angelo Spero, John Barrymore's only rival. Spero is our speedy tackle and is commonly known as the "Ladies Delight." It is a matter of regret to Mr. Phillips that he and his side-kick Bove can no longer flat their tenors in the chorus.

John Tynan, commonly known as "Mouthy," puts the sphinx to shame. It is to John that we owe the major share of these reminiscenses, so please pound him and not us if you don't like it.

Lawrence Ward, the "John Burroughs" of Rutland High School. Lawrence intends to study wild flowers. What kind, Lawrence? It is as useless to argue with Lawrence as to talk politics to a steam-roller.

Karl White, commonly known as the "lead-pipe" artist. No, Mabel, not a hold-up man, merely a plumber. He can connect anything from a refrigerator to a broken still.

Clifford Adams is the man with the educated fingers; the one who makes the orchestra what it is and who will leave a hole big as a barn door in our musical world.

Rollie Aronson is our expert "King of Swat" who has been a stellar attraction on our fields for many years. We expect "Rollie" will roll onto success in other fields.

Wilfred Anderson, our handsome "end," is a man who can break through anything, from a football team to a pair of pants. Girls, beware of this R. H. S. **Sheik.**

Robert Bove, Manager elect and Football Center, ladies man and Dance Hound, is another one of the "gang" whose influence will be missed and whose success will be evident every where.

Bernard Canty, the Rudolph Valentino of Rutland High School whom we have strong reason to respect. Too bad some of his ardent worshippers, among this fair sex don't even receive a side glance.

Jessie Chase, the walking advertisement for a Maybeline and Belle Donna, certainly uses the natural graces to ensnare the stronger sex. What will future Senior plays be without the Girl from Kalamazoo?

Whitney Cook, our internationally-known athlete and scholar—the planner and preacher of all our high school activities. We expect he will bring honor and glory to the great metropolis of his birth.

"Herb" Davison, one of the most dependable vertebrae of the back bone of our school. Our purveyor of jaw-breaking, brain-muddleing words. The leather-lunged orator who never allows the darts of cupid to interfere with duty.

Mary Wheeler.
Commercial Course:

We present this quiet lass, a member of the Steno's. We've been doing a lot of research work to find Mary's bold, bad faults, but we failed miserably—perhaps she has them but she keeps them dark.

Arthur Lovett.
Commercial Course. Orchestra:

Blessed with a sunny disposition, and a loyal nature, he holds an envied place among us. Although addicted to blowing his own horn, he confines these outbursts to the harmonious school orchestra.

Bernicia Nason.
Commercial Course:

Bernie is as meek and unassuming as Moses. For four years she has been with us, yet never uttered a word nor done an act for which we can censure her.

Gertrude Ranberg.
Commercial Course. Chorus:

"Gertie's" the cheerful person who takes away our grouch and makes us smile in spite of ourselves. She has heaps of class spirit and is always ready to help. As for being popular—just ask anyone around the school.

Mildred Ranger.
Commercial Course:

Mildred believes in the old adage, "The end results are what count." She agrees with Washington in avoiding entangling alliances—all of which points to a successful future.

Mary Bruten.
Commercial Course:

We present this Irish lass. Listen to her line. She could write a number of The Red and White all by herself. Mary and her enthusiasm are a big two in the class of '23.

Ruth Bolster.
Commercial Course. Chorus:

To know Ruth just watch her when she gets back a shorthand paper next time. It's usually a satisfied expression which crosses her face—there's no reason why it shouldn't be.

Ruth Lillie.
General Course. Chorus:

We know her by her irreproachable neatness. Most of us see Ruth in the distance, for she is always seen rushing to or from school. We'd all like to know her better.

Elaine Davis.
General Course. Chorus:

This poem seems to fit Elaine.
The place of village school marm,
Elaine could surely fill.
For even tho' she's vanquished,
Elaine would argue still.

Dorothea Humphreys.
College Course. Chorus:

Of course we don't mean any reflection on "Dot" but it is rumored that she intends to teach. You may think you know her when you sit by her in class, but you ought to see her without her school girl air. In the words of that famous classic "You'd be surprised."

Esther Salmonson.
Commercial Course. Chorus:

This maiden is a firm believer in the theorem, "It's love that makes the world go round." If you doubt our veracity, follow her home some night.

Virginia Sherman.
Commercial Course.

Though Virginia is quiet and apparently serious minded, her sense of humor is always in good working order, and she never fails to see the joke, even though it be on herself.

William Snyder.
Commercial Course. Chorus. Senior Play:

If there is anything that can be done, Bill either has done it or can do it. If you don't believe it ask him. It doesn't matter what question he is asked he always has a ready answer—believing that it must be a right answer to some question. Just the same, he knows his stuff.

Esther Thomas.
College Course:

Esther is one of the hardest workers in the school. She generally wears a serious expression—we wonder what's behind it. She has a wooden Indian beaten a mile when it comes to self composure.

Hazel Atwater.
Commercial Course. Chorus:

Hazel is one of the industrious commercialites who are working and will graduate with us, too. More power to her.

Philip Weiss.

Commercial Course:

With a perpetual smile and a friendly "Hallo," Phil affiliated himself with the business course at R. H. S. Through this course he has waded, and emerged well on top. Phil is quite a tripper of the light fantastic. We're Weiss to him.

Olena Rogers.

Commercial Course:

Lena is another of those wild and wooly persons from Center Rutland. A very efficeint girl, with efficiency backed by a strong mind!

Ruth Ladabouche.

Commercial Course:

Whenever we see Ruth we think of old Omar's well-known quotation, "An open book, a back seat and thou beside me whispering all the answers." Nevertheless, a good all-round pal.

Marion Bolster.

College Course. Chorus:

We all wonder what the future holds for Marion since she is proficient in classes, efficient in athletics, sufficient when a good pal is needed and deficient—never.

Mary MacDowell.

College Course. Orchestra. Chorus.

Here we have "Rough Neck Mary" who dances divinely, swears like a pirate, inquires into the how and why of everything and hangs by her toes from the assembly hall "Chandeliers." (For proof of this, note their demolished condition.)

Hazel Hall.

Commercial Course. Senior Play. Chorus:

"Gee, this makes me so darned mad." Please excuse the English but it's only Hazel. Her favorite occupations are eating and sleeping at all times; but she is always ready for anything whether it's skipping along to a basketball game or dance or chasing down town for an ice cream soda.

Mabel White.

Senior Play. Chorus. Commercial Course:

Our North Clarendon representative intends to show the world how she will become—a happy, domestic wife.

Philomene Monette.

College Course. Orchestra:

"Phil" is one of the meekest looking specimens to be found in the class of 1923. When she entered high school there was not a flaw in her character. But one summer vacation she attended a wicked summer resort and it grieves us to relate how wild she became. She chews gum, says bad words, and makes eyes at the fair fellows. she certainly should reform.

Francis Smart.

General Course:

Silent, peaceful, this tall, dark-haired fellow has spent four long years in our midst. We have tried to find out his bad habits but have come to the conclusion that he has none.

Mabel Belden.

College Course. Senior Play:

Once or twice she has been heard to speak above a whisper. And yet she is one of the Siamese twins.

"Crocheting is her one delight,
You find her at it day and night.
It matters not whene'er you look,
You always find her with that hook."

Avis Dole.

College Course:

An unsophisticated, undescried, undiscerned and undisguised youth who carries her books in the loving manner that the teachers like to see. She'll get over it when she goes to Middlebury.

Clarence Louiselle.

College Course. Football:

Clarence is as far as we can find out, the originator of the phrase "As far as I'm concerned she's the only girl in the world." Would you ever have thunk it?

Dorothy Bixby.

College Course:

Attention please — Only the other Siamese twin. Where you see one you will always see the other. What's the great attraction, girls? You'll find it swell walking.

Doris Rowe.

Commericial Course:

It took "Dot" quite a while to get used to the whirl of high school life. Even now she smiles only about once a month. She intends to go back to the farm and teach the children Modern Progress.

Reginald Strubbe.

Commerical Course. Chorus:

Introducing the original Katzenjammer Kid—a member of the "Pink Flea Apartment." Reginald reminds us somewhat of an alarm clock. You have to wind him up pretty well to get him going, but when he once gets started he goes with a bang.

Mary Cooper.

College Course. Staff of The Red and White. Board of managers for the Senior Play:

Mary's brilliancy is bedimmed by a screen of retirement; yet friends of her childhood say that it was impossible to teach her the alphabet. She refused to consider any other than the one marked "A." This one obstinate trait is still with her and the teachers continue to humor the child in respect to it.

Mildred Rowe.

General Course:

One of our best stock of "farmerettes" and also a loyal member of the "Gum Club." She is at present advertising for a remover of freckles. Do your duty, fair classmates, and help the child out.

Mary McCormick.

College Course. Class Poet:

"Tiny" insists on clinging to the motto:

"If the whole world's on top of you,
'N heaping troubles by the pile,
Why, just you stand on top of the world,
And squash those troubles with a smile."

Ruth Harwood.

Basketball. College Course:

Here's a girl who "adores" parties, is perfectly "thrilled" at games and is "mad" about dancing—in short, Ruth gets a lot of joy out of life, but she puts a lot into it, too.

Marjory Howe.

Commercial Course:

Very mild indeed was this fair youth when she entered this school. Every day she comes to class with a young library under her arm, just to prove to the teachers that she does own a few books.

Doris Beardsley.

Commercial Course. Senior Play. Chorus:

Lively, Energetic and Always Happy—spells Doris. Her greatest worry is that nothing thrilling has ever happened to her—but even this woe cannot keep the smiles away.

Freda Young.

Basketball. College Course:

Freda is our "Spanish shark." We all understand that last period comes in handy most of the time for several "Spinach people who depend on Freda.

Mildred Thompson.

General Course:

"Micky" is as funny as a pink parrot. She has a laugh up both sleeves and her sleeves are swelling all the time. We marvel at her wonderful poise. What a diplomat's wife she might make with her sudden rise in society!

Gladys Blanchard.

Commercial Course:

Gladys belongs to the quiet club. She says farm life suits her as well as anything. From present indications we may expect in the future to find her leading a retired life on a farm wearing her peanut straw hat and teaching the cows how to moo.

Ralph Davis.

Senior Play:

Ralph is a quiet sort of a fellow and doesn't have much to say except when he is at a class meeting. There he makes up for lost time.

Frank Duffy:

A firm believer in "Keep Smiling." In fact—has anybody ever seen him without his smile? He is also a very good friend of Mrs. Statham's, now holding the seat of honor in front of her desk.

Mildred Grower.

College Course. Alumni Editor of The Red and White:

And here's "Vogie," one of our elusive students who puts in her appearance at all social functions and occasionally attempts to attend classes as a side line. At present she is indulging in the game of "Bridge Whist"—we wonder why?

Alzina Morgan.

College Course:

Here's the best seller. A laugh on every page. Fact is it's Alzina and her giggle. Too bad she didn't enter a convent, she keeps herself so secluded.

Alice Carruth.

College Course. Senior Play:

Shure and there's a merry twinkle in her eye—and though she's lean and lanky, we know 'tis a long walk to school. Anyway "Lucinda" wins the cut glass hot water bottle for her dramatic ability.

Harold Eddy.

Senior Play:

Harold has made many friends in every class. Everyone likes Harold—some more than others. Among these we mention one fair flapper in the Sophomore class. From all appearances Harold likes her, too.

Harold Parkhurst.

Class President '22:

This gentleman and Mr. Eddy are the Gallagher and Sheehan of the school. This Harold is a regular visitor at a certain house on East Washington Street — very regular.

Fritz Metzger.

Football. Basketball:

Here is a very quiet, noiseless scholar except when he is awake. Then, however, his songs and tunes have moved Mr. Bump to such an extent that he has always come on the run to see who is ill.

Robert Frost:

Wingfoot has forsaken the farm for the garage. You can't keep a good man down on the farm nowadays. "Bob" is a regular attendant at the rural dances however.

Francis St. Louis.

Baseball. Track. Joke Editor of The Red and White:

He goes by the name of Saint but he is a long way from being one. For a long time he has frequented a house on State Street but recently there has been competition. We don't know who is ahead now.

Raymond McGarry:

A very great friend of Mayor Jackson of Burlington. At one time he took peculiar joy in riding on an elevator. He is a very regular attendant at classes and is rarely tardy because of which he is a good friend of Mr. Abbott.

Theodore Roberts.

Senior Play. Football. Basketball. Track:

Ted is a very popular fellow. He has earned his laurels in football, basketball and track and perhaps in another line also. At least he is well liked by certain members of the deadlier specie. We envy you, Ted.

Royal Hunt:

Roy has also left the farm for a garage. It's queer, though, he didn't leave the farm until planting time came again. By the way, did you ever see Roy "shaking them down?" If not, you have missed something.

Sherman Hunt:

"Sherm," however, is a farmer thru and thru. He is on speaking terms with all the cows and the chickens. Says he drinks a gallon of milk a day. We believe you "Sherm" from your complexion.

Francis Shaw.

Senior Play. Cheer Leader. Athletic Editor of The Red and White. Debate. Class Treasurer '23.

One of the shining lights of the class and not entirely because of his hair either. Lately Red has been showing an increasing interest in the weaker sex. Too bad, Red.

Charles Hall.

Football:

Ladies and Gentlemen, if you wish advice on hair dressing here is the one to ask. Lettermen, let "Oil Can" pick out your letters for you. He has a wonderful eye, you know.

Archie Solari.

Baseball:

Archie is from "Center." Naturally he is good at skating and baseball playing. Some anonymous wag christened him "The Sheik" but we refuse to believe such a rash statement. Let Archie speak for himself.

Charles Willard:

Positively no relation to Jess. He is a very quiet youngster but you never can tell by the noise. One afternoon we saw him with eight young females—all in a five passenger car. Naughty, naughty!

Gerald McCue:

Back in 1919 there hove into our midst this bright topped youngster from "Nebraska." He and the old briar are quite inseparable —outside the school, of course. He is a regular Barney Oldfield with his Buick.

Edmund Hurley:

Red also is the proud possessor of flowing locks. He has an undying love for all the teachers, especially Mr. Walbridge. He likes to indulge in friendly discussions with them. He is also one of the mainstays of the Rutland Savings Bank.

John Foley:

Mike also wandered into the school on the hill four years ago for the first time. He hailed from St. Peters and was a promising looking youth, but look at him now.

Thomas Mangan.

Orchestra. Commercial:

One of the noiseless wonders of the Senior class. He is so small and of such a retiring nature that you never know he is around. If you don't believe me ask Mr. Abbott. Tom is thinking of going to U. V. M. this fall.

Louis Martel.

Commercial:

The hero of the commercial course. Lutie has a saying "Never let duty interfere with pleasure." We don't know how he gets by with it, but perhaps it is because he is so big.

Helen Matthews.

College Board. Manager Senior Play:

Here's a very peppy Senior. She isn't very large but she makes up for it in liveliness. She hasn't fallen for any Valentino yet, but you never can tell.

Charles Navin.

College. Baseball Captain:

Charlie is the culmination of a long line of baseball players. He is also a member of "The "Bachelors Club." He is as square a fellow as it is possible for anyone to be.

Ruth Noyes:

Another product of the farm. She looks as if she always had plenty of milk to drink. She is a perfect "36" for some young man.

Richard Patnod.

Orchestra:

The boy with the drum sticks. We predict a bright future for Richard as a drummer in later life.

Helen Brock is our ever helpful art editor who does everything except art for our paper. Her wild cries and frantic cheer leading win her a way to fame.

Lyman Harrington is the "Barny Google" of R. H. S. whose sparkling orbs even dazzled the sophisticated dames of Brattleboro, where his stellar performance raised him to the ranks of Man o' War.

Harriett Lawrence is an ever sparkling ray of sunshine in our school life. A true blue sport and one who had rather laugh than eat, that's Harriett. We prophecy heart-breaks in Boston when Dana Hall greets this popular senior.

Howard Haskins is the one who put the modern in Modern History. Regular shark so they say and it is said that he intends to make Modern History of his own after leaving R. H. S.

Edward Kerrigan is one of those quiet blossoms that blush unseen. It is rumored that he is going to enter the soda-jerking contest for the championship of the world. The world to "Ed" is an orange which he will soon transform to orange crush.

Joe Horridge is the original Nimrod of our class. We can see Joe in the act of running a Trapper's Rest in the future—that is if he can part with mechanical drawing.

Hazel Mills.

Commercial:

Here she is, by gosh! Fresh from the farm every morning where she chaperones the cows and the chickens. Watch out, fellows.

CLASS POEM—1923

(Continued from page 8)

We start with high courage and hope and devotion,
Let's win to our summit, or at least let's have tried.

With rejoicing and pride for our great ones who conquer,
With kindness and charity for any who fail,
With regard for our school, and our friends, and our country,
Let's start the long journey, 1923
—All Hail!

Mary McCormick '23

JAILESS CRIMES

Killing time.
Hanging pictures.
Stealing bases.
Choking off a speaker.
Running over a new song.
Smothering a sneeze.
Setting fire to a heart.
Murdering the English language.

A man asked a girl to marry him, just to see if she was engaged. She wasn't.

Did you ever hear of the blind carpenter who picked up a hammer and saw?

Dot—"I want to put this ad in The Red and White. Have you a thumb tack?"

Polly—"No, but I've got some finger nails—now."

Bob—"Oh! what a smell in here!"

Clerk—"Well, business is rotten."

I love its gentle warble,
I love its gentle flow,
I love to wind my tongue up,
I love to hear it go.

Here's to the faculty! Long may they live!

Even as long as the lessons they give!

I'm in a 10der mood 2day
& feel poetic 2
4 fun I'll just — off a ———
& send it off 2 u.
I'm sorry u've been 6 o long
Don't B disconsol8
But bear your ills with 40tude
& they won't B so gr8.

As I stepped up to the lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired. "Are you looking for a particular person?"

"I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."

POPULAR MAGAZINES

Country Gentleman
Howard Pierce
Good Housekeeping,..Ruth Allen
Life ..... Polly Billado
Punch ..... Whit Cook
Vogue ..... Gin Marshall
Vanity Fair ..... Charles Hall
Sportsman ..... Ernie Reed
Little Folks
Tiny McCormick & Chunky Beale
Youth's Companion
Ruth Harwood
Popular Mechanics
Elwood Ireland
Judge ..... Mrs. Crowley

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Polly Preferred..Pauline Billado
Princess Pat ..... Pat Hostler
The Torch Bearers
Shaw and Hurley
Little Nelly Kelly .. Miss Newton
The Adding Machine, Mr. Phillips
Blossom Time .... Melba La Rose
Rolling Stones..Pratt & Mintzer
The Raven ..... Millie Mahar
Some Baby ..... Gin Marshall
The Little Minister
Arthur Kavanaugh
The Misleading Lady
Fran Thompson
The Road to Happiness
Mary Norton
The Great Lover .. Ethel Palmer
Very Good Eddie ..... Ed Olson
Maggie Pepper .. Maggie Parker
The Bat ..... Mary Franzoni
The Clinging Vine .. Grace Gill
Merton of the Movies
Francis St. Louis

Father—"Pete, why didn't you use your tongue instead of reaching way across the table for some butter?"

Pete—"Because my arm's longer than my tongue."

"Failed in Latin, flunked in Math,"
They heard her softly hiss,
"I'd like to meet the guy who said,
'Ignorance is bliss.' "

TRAGEDY OF TROT

Recitation
Hesitation
Pony balked
Ruination.

IT'S HENRY

Who is the man who cleans the floor?
Who keeps the fire and locks the door?
Who keeps the key for every place?
Who always wears a smiling face?
It's Henry! Oh! It's Henry!
Who makes the fire at early dawn?
Who cuts the grass upon the lawn?
Who helps the girls at Base Ball Fairs?
Who always lightens all our cares?
It's Henry! Oh! It's Henry!

Dear Madam Magpie:
What makes all the girls smile at me?
Francis St. Louis.

They are too polite to laugh.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
I want to get an easy job this summer. What would you suggest?
John Tynan.

Tending furnaces, Johnny.
Madam Magpie.

Dear Madam Magpie:
Can you give me the poem that begins "They met on the bridge at midnight?"
Whitney Cook.

They met on the bridge at midnight,
They will never meet again.
For one was an east-bound Heifer,
The other a west-bound train.

ATHLETICS

INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK MEET

On May 12, R. H. S. won the Interscholastic Track Meet held under the auspices of Middlebury College. It is the first time in several years that Rutland has had a chance to bring home the laurels, but this time it was done in a most capable manner. Much credit may be given to "Tony" Manfreda who broke two of the Middlebury track records at the meet—the 220 and the broad jump. "Tony" also won the silver cup for the individual scorer. There were seven of the Middlebury track records broken during the meet.

Summary of events:

100-yard dash—Won by Manfreda, Rutland; Smith, Vermont Academy, second; MacPherson, Newport, third. Time, 10.9 seconds.

220-yard dash—Won by Manfreda, Rutland; Smith, Vermont Academy, second; Danyow, Granville, third. Time 23.9 seconds. (New record.)

440-yard dash—Won by Hall, Burlington; Cook, Rutland, second; Burke, Spaulding, third. Time 56.2 seconds.

Half-mile — Won by Donald, Vermont Academy; Reardon, Rutland, second; House, Newport, third. Time, 2 minutes, 11.1 seconds. (New record.)

Mile—Won by Donald, Vermont Academy; Maxwell, Cambridge, second; Harrington, Rutland, third. Time, 4 minutes, 54.2 seconds.

120-yard hurdles—Won by Hall, Burlington; Campbell, Cambridge, second. Time, 19.5 seconds. (All others disqualified.)

220-yard hurdles — Won by Sierra, Spaulding; Tollin, Vermont Academy, second; Hall, Burlington, third. Time, 29.2 seconds. (Record tied.)

Shot put—Won by Chase, Burlington; Gallaway, Cambridge, second; Fogg, Burlington, third. Distance, 36 feet, 5 inches.

Discus—Won by Manley, Brattleboro; Lance, Newport, second; Abbiatti, Spaulding, third. Distance, 105 feet, 4 inches. (New record.)

Hammer — Won by Abbiatti, Spaulding; Bove, Rutland, second; Spero, Rutland, third. Distance, 117 feet. (New record.)

High jump—Won by Burke, Spaulding; Prentiss and Roberts, Burlington, tied for second. Best height, 5 feet, 3 inches. (New record.)

Broad jump—Won by Manfreda, Rutland; Burke, Spaulding, second; Gallaway, Cambridge, third. Distance, 20 feet, 1 1-2 inches. (New record.)

Pole vault—Won by Fogg, Burlington; Willard, Burlington, second; Vanderveer, Brattleboro and Quinn, Granville, tied for third. Best height, 10 feet, 1 inch. (New record.)

Half-mile relay—Won by Vermont Academy; Rutland, second; Newport, third. Time, 1 minute, 41.8 seconds.

Score by schools—Rutland high, 34; Burlington high, 24; Vermont Academy, 24; Spaulding high of Barre, 20; Cambridge, N. Y., 10; Newport, 6; Brattleboro 5 1-2; Granville, 1 1-2.

Schools entered, but not scoring St. Johnsbury, Keene, N. H., and Greenfield, Mass.

Only eight points were awarded the 120-yard hurdles, all but the two leading contestants being disqualified.

"Champs" of Vermont

On June 2nd, R. H. S. won the Interscholastic Track Championship at the University of Vermont, scoring 73 points to 35 for Burlington. Lyndon Institute was third with 21½ points. It was the first time in five years that R. H. S. has had the honor of winning the meet at Vermont. In the "100" "Tony" went like a whirlwind winning in the record time of 10 2-5 seconds. Had he been pushed to the limit he would, no doubt, have established a better record. "Tony" also won the "220" in 24 2-5 seconds. Then, finishing first in the broad jump made him the high point winner. "Herb" Davison won the javelin throw which was introduced this year, with a throw of 138 feet, 4 inches. "Lymie" Harrington took second in the mile and showed up as one of the scholastic milers in the State. "Whit" Cook finished second in the "440" giving Hall of Burlington the run of his life and winning second place by a wide margin. "Ted" Roberts was tied for first place in the high jump.

R. H. S. can be proud of the work done by the track team this year. Winning the Middlebury Meet and losing to Springfield "Tech" by five points and winning the Vermont Meet by a margin of 35 points shows up the real qualities of R. H. S. track athletics.

At this time The Red and White wishes to extend to Coach Kingsley sincere congratulations for his success during the present season and hopes for a repetition next year.

The summary follows:

100-yard dash — First, Manfreda, Rutland; second, Hamilton, Newport; third, Fuller, Rutland; fourth, Chase, Burlington. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

220-yard dash — First, Manfreda, Rutland; second, Hamilton, Newport; third, Fuller, Rutland; fourth, Quaranta, Spaulding. Time 24 2-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—First, Benard, Lyndon; second, Cook, Rutland; third, Hall, Burlington; fourth, Johnson, Montpelier. Time, 55 seconds.

120-yard high hurdles—First, Hall, Burlington; second, Rice, Rutland; third, Willard, Rutland; fourth, Bellerose, Rutland. Time, 18 2-5 seconds.

220-yard low hurdles—First, St. Louis, Rutland; second, Bellerose, Rutland; third, Hall, Burlington; fourth, Cook, Rutland. Time, 27 4-5 seconds.

880-yard run—First, Horrigan, Burlington; second, Johnson, Montpelier; third, Blue, Rutland; fourth, Wood, Lyndon. Time, 2 minutes, 12 1-5 seconds.

One-mile run—First, Keniston, Lyndon; second, Harrington, Rutland; third, Reardon, Rutland; fourth, McNulty, Spaulding. Time, 4 minutes, 51 seconds.

Throwing the discus—First, Davison, Rutland; second, tie between Lance of Newport and Foster of Lyndon; fourth, Bove, Rutland. Distance, 92 feet, 1 1-2 inches.

Putting the shot—First, Chase, Burlington; second, Fogg, Burlington; third, Lanzillo, Rutland; fourth, Hamilton, Newport. Distance, 38 feet, 1 inch.

Running high jump—First, tie between Burke of Spaulding and Roberts of Rutland; third, tie between Prentiss of Burlington and Howard of Rutland. Height, 5 feet, 2 inches.

Javelin throw—First, Davison, Rutland; second, Sierra, Spaulding; third, Rice, Rutland; fourth, Donnelly, Montpelier. Distance, 138 feet, 4 inches.

Pole vault—First, Fogg, Burlington; second, tie between Willard, Rutland and Wood of Lyndon; fourth, tie between Durgin, Lyndon, and Peirce, Montpelier. Height, 10 feet, 9 inches.

Running broad jump—First, Manfreda, Rutland; second, Prentiss, Burlington; third, Brewer, Burlington; fourth, Cook, Rutland. Distance, 19 feet, 9 1-2 inches.

One-mile relay—First, Rutland; second, Lyndon; third, Spaulding; fourth, Burlington. Time, 3 minutes, 46 seconds.

R. H. S. vs. PROCTOR

R. H. S. took the lead in the second inning by scoring five runs and added four more in the third. Proctor began to score in the fifth, but were never very dangerous. Manfreda pitched for the first eight innings and then Cook went in. Kupferer, third baseman for Proctor knocked out a three-bagger in the eighth and came back with a two-base hit in the ninth.

Score by innings:

		R.	H.	E.
Proctor	000012033	9	4	5
Rutland	05402203x	16	13	5

IF YOU SEE IT IN THE RED AND WHITE—IT'S SO

If your mind is ever doubtful as you read the papers thru,
Or if you're ever tempted to doubt the things they show,
Then listen to this little fact that I'll proclaim to you,
If you see it in The Red and White, it's so.
Perhaps we read that all the boys are angels here in school,
Perhaps it says that Chunky Beale has started in to grow,
Perhaps the claim is sometimes made that boys are playing pool,
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